Roxbury, June 10, 1878.

My Dear Fanny:

A postal card was received from you on Saturday, and a letter to-day. Thanks for your unfailing filial attention. I meant to have written to you in season for last evening's mail, but was prevented by company. However, Frank did not fail to send you his weekly epistle, and no doubt supplied you with all home particulars, besides other matters of interest to you.

It seems that there is little prospect of your going to Europe this summer. While I would not interpose a word to induce you (of course, I mean the entire family) to remain at home, if business matters will admit of it,

still I shall be glad if you and the children can be spared the risk and discomfort of a double sea voyage, with change of climate. If, at a later period, Harry must go to London, if not to Frankfort, you must be reconciled to his absence, which he will certainly make as brief as possible.

I shall cherish the hope of spending at least a portion of the summer with you and the children, wherever you may be located. Something will depend on the time when Frank will be able to get a vacation, which is now quite uncertain, and will probably not come off until August, and cannot be extended longer than three weeks. In that case we may very likely occupy the time in the State of Maine — visiting Sebago Lake, Mount Desert, &c.

Mrs. Pamelia Hall (Mary Wil-
ley's sister) happily received her trans-
lation on Saturday night, after several
months of most excruciating suffering.
When I saw her, about a fortnight ago, it
seemed as if her dissolution must follow
at almost any hour. She inquired very
affectionately about you and your family,
and expressed a strong personal regard
for you. The funeral is to be held to-
morrow afternoon, and I am expected
to participate in the services. I feel
deeply and tenderly for poor Mary, as
she is the only surviving member of her
parents' family; and especially for the
bereaved husband, from whom wife and
children have all been taken away. It
was a true love marriage, and he must
feel sorrowful indeed in his desolate

home. Perhaps you may feel like sending him a letter of condolence — or Mary. His address is "James Hall, 19 Allen Street, Boston."

It still remains doubtful whether my old friend and co-laborer, C. C. Burleigh, will recover from the dreadful accident which befell him a few days since at the railroad crossing at Florence; but he has regained his consciousness, takes some nourishment, sleeps quietly, and some hope is therefore entertained in his case. Should it prove fatal, I shall hasten to pay my tribute to his memory at the funeral.

Mrs. Wright (Ellie's father) left for Auburn this morning.

William Craft's case is certainly an unfortunate one — to say the least. I may be called to testify.

Renewed thanks to Harry for the bagatelle board. Your loving Father.